

THE GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE

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ONE SHILLING MONTHLY

JANUARY 1937





THE NILE VOYAGE

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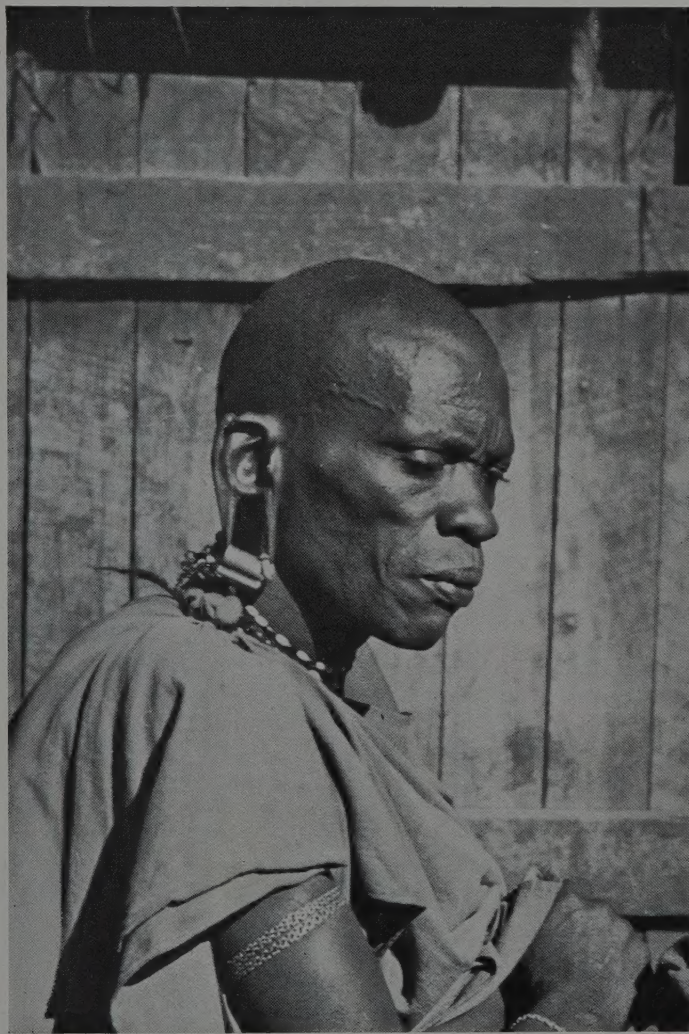
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The Story of Njombo

Notes and Photographs by Elspeth Huxley



About fifteen years ago Njombo, now an elder, then a young man, left his home in Kikuyu, Kenya, to seek his fortune. Taking his cherished beasts, which served as mobile money, he trekked over mountain ranges and across the Rift Valley, once Masai hunting-grounds into which his fathers never ventured. On the far side he found land to his liking on a European farm and here he settled, receiving free land for cultivation, grazing for stock and timber for firewood and building, and promising in return to work part of the year for wages for the European

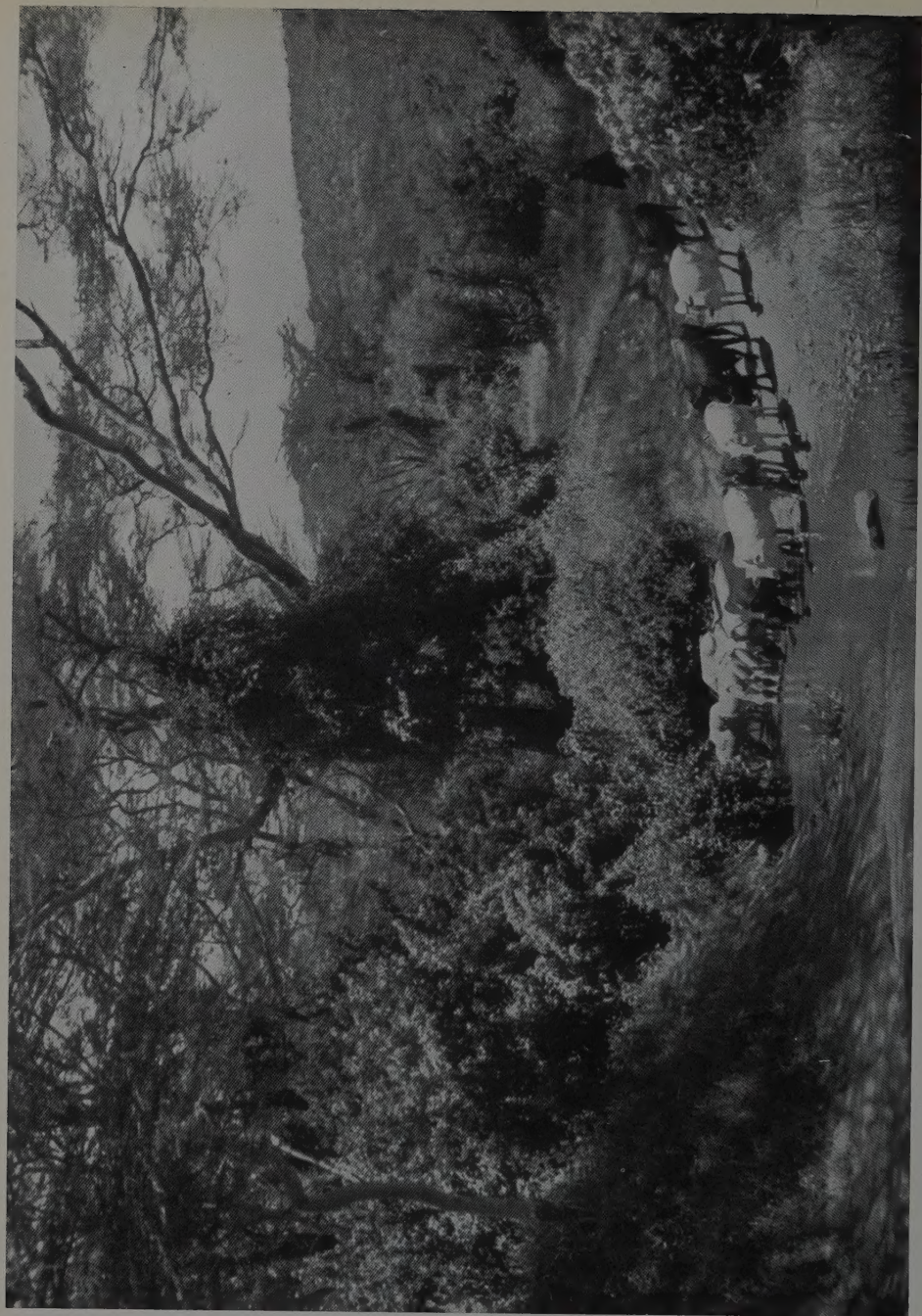


At Njombo's abandoned home in Kikuyu, a little group of mud-and-wattle huts, he and his wives cultivated not only maize, taking two crops a year, but also millet, groundnuts, sweet potatoes and bananas, whose floppy leaves made bright green patches on the bush-covered hillsides





The soil was rich and fertile; many streams flowed from the snows of Mount Kenya through thick forests of indigenous trees, now largely destroyed by tribesmen and their goats



With his precious cattle Njombo travelled for more than a hundred miles over hills and across streams

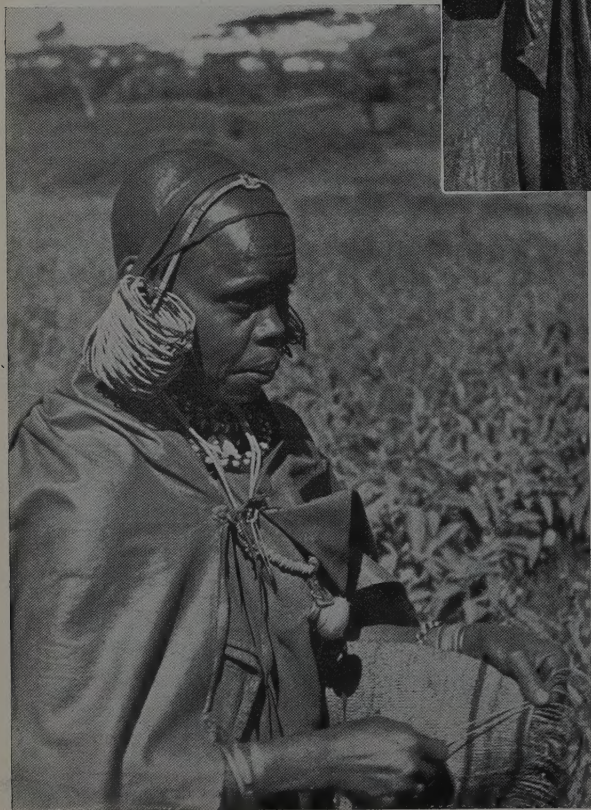


Now, for six months out of the year Njombo works for a European farmer who lives in a tin-roofed bungalow, surrounded by a jumble of stores, cow-byres, dairies and farm sheds



The farmer's principal enemy is stock disease; he is here seen examining a suspicious-looking tick

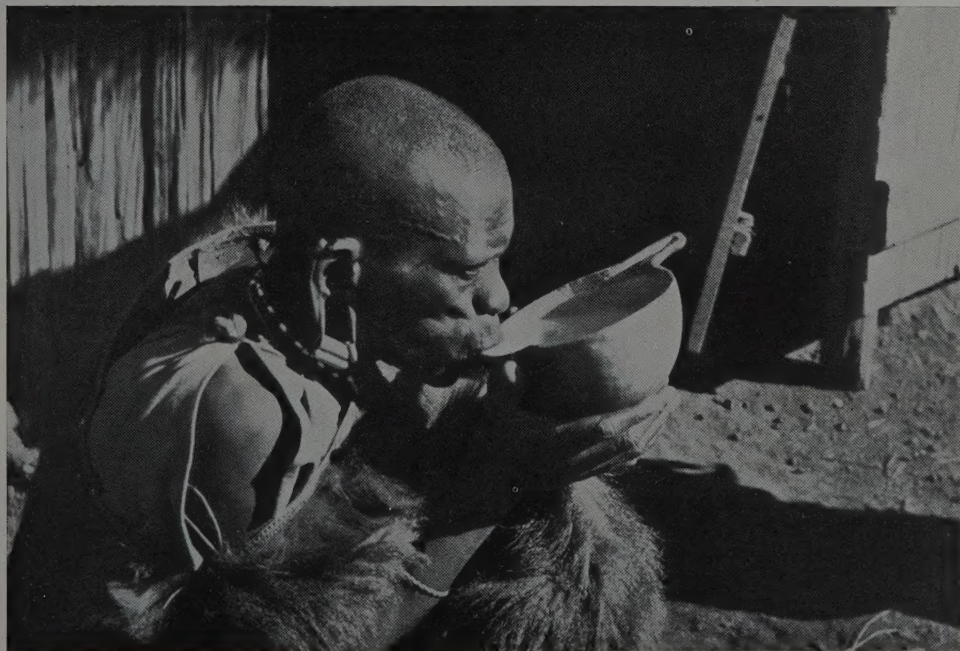
When Njombo migrated, his two wives, of course, went with him. It was their task to cultivate the land, harvest the crops and brew the beer in their new home, in addition to the normal feminine duties of cooking, cleaning and looking after the children. Each wife has her own hut and separate establishment where her children live with her until they grow up. The first wife retains authority over the second



Hard work does not seem to worry Njombo's wives; and they find time like their more leisured sisters to attend to their beauty, which is greatly enhanced in native eyes by festoons of wire, wire-and-bead earrings and bracelets: their costumes are of dressed goatskin. Every hair of their heads is carefully plucked out with tweezers. They plait innumerable little bags from strips of bark off a particular tree, as the wife on the left is doing



Goats are a major part of Njombo's wealth and, though leaving some at Kikuyu, he brought many with him to share the cedar-posted huts with himself and his wives



Njombo breakfasts off porridge made of maize grown by his wives, still his staple food, although the family diet has changed, European peas and potatoes replacing the native millet and sweet potato



Even milk from hump-backed native cows, which the European keeps to cross with imported pedigree stock, now goes into the family soup. Before, Njombo never touched milk, although he owned cows



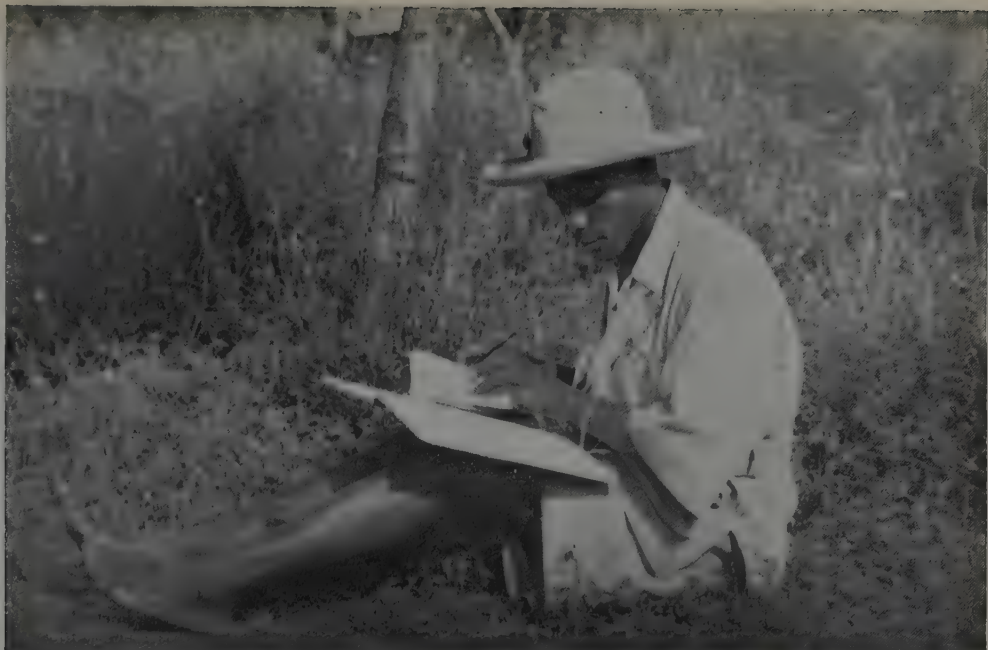
Njombo himself is an overseer, and his sons may perform many different jobs. They may work as carters (produce is still hauled five miles to the station by ox-waggon) . . .



... or drive the three-disked plough ...

... or—a light job at which the womenfolk often assist—they may harvest pyrethrum, getting paid by the debbi or empty petrol-tin. The white daisy-like flowers are dried on the farm, either on trays in the sun or in heated drying-sheds, ground into powder and shipped to Europe or America to be made into insecticide

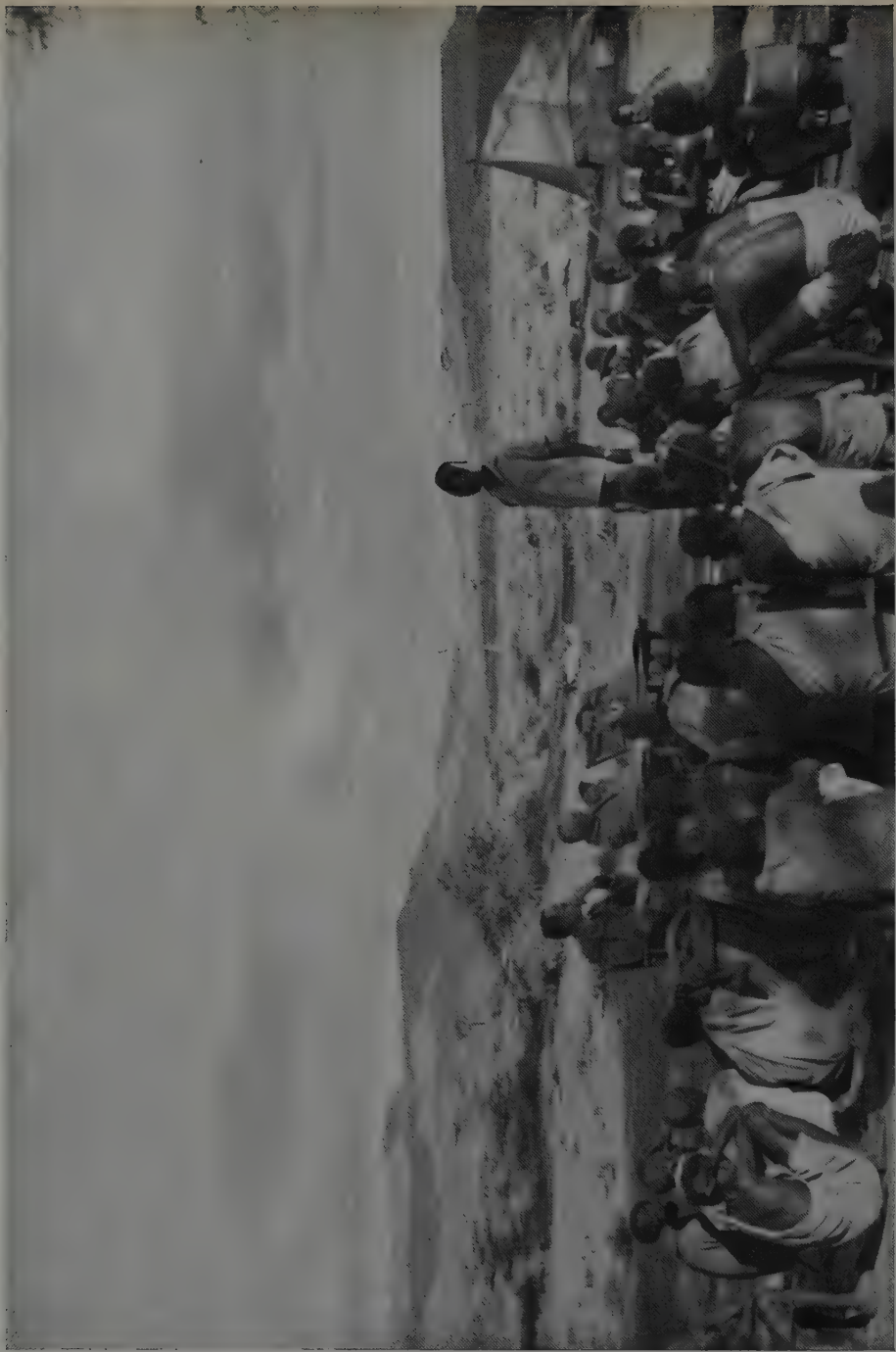




One of Njombo's sons is headman, keeping records, etc., even running the farm in the owner's absence

(Below) Sometimes Njombo presides over a meeting of elders, fellow-'squatters', to discuss the circumcision of youths, give judgment in a bride-price dispute or arrange a divorce





Serious cases go before agents of the Government, whose long arm reaches to the remotest part of the land

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Wood: an Austrian Problem

by JOHN LEHMANN

The purely materialistic interpretation of history is apt to be misleading; human motives are too mixed. But the influence of economic factors in recent Central European history is admirably exemplified by Austria's timber industry—in itself a fascinating study, as Mr Lehmann's present article shows

WHEN the average Englishman reads or hears of the economic crisis in Central Europe, he thinks of closed banks and factories, long queues in front of the Labour Exchange in the towns, and—more vaguely—hungry peasants unable to sell their corn or dairy produce except at catastrophically low prices. Industrial and financial crises, the difficulties of Irish and French peasants or Danish farmers, all these things are near and intelligible to him. But it is unlikely that it would occur to him that the key to a Central European country's prosperity might be—wood.

And yet, if he looks more closely at the figures relating to one of these countries, Austria, he will be forced to the conclusion that one of the dominant factors behind all that country's political unrest and uncertainty during the past few years has been the condition of her wood industry. Over 37 per cent of the total extent of the country is forest. Scattered all over the provinces, and at the very doors of Vienna, in the Wiener Wald, lie enormous state- and privately-owned forests. The pine is the predominant tree, accounting for 57 per cent of Austria's timber, but there are also extensive cultures of larch, fir and, among the non-coniferous trees, beech. All these forests are carefully tended and exploited, with the result that, of Austria's total exports (in physical volume) between 1925 and 1933, nearly 60 per cent consisted of wood and materials, such as paper, made from wood. Reckoned according to value, wood and wood-products made up 21 per cent of the exports, one of the highest figures in the whole list.

The recent fluctuations in Austria's wood exports, and their repercussions in

the sphere of foreign politics, will be considered in detail later. Let us first see how the Austrian timber industry is organized and what internal problems have arisen as a result of the economic depression and the adoption of modern technique.

Scientific care of the timber riches of Austria began early in the last century, but at the height of the post-war boom a profound reorganization of methods, a modernization with a heavy capital outlay was carried through, and it has been one of the tragic ironies of Austria's post-war history that it was precisely when all this 'machinery' was ready to be used, that the market collapsed. This has been true of the private estates as well as of the forests owned by the Austrian state and the various provinces: one of the most up-to-date sawmills in Austria, for instance, on the Rothschild estates in Lower Austria, has recently been closed down, only a year or two after its opening. It is, however, the small peasant who has suffered most severely from the collapse of the market, whether he owns his own little sawmill or sells his timber direct. Seeing that 54 per cent of the whole forest area is privately owned in parcels not greater than 500 hectares (1200 acres), and those owning 20 hectares or less account for more than half this percentage, it is easy to understand that the problem of the small owner, who cannot cope with modern rationalization and cannot afford modern machinery for the transport or treatment of his timber, is a very serious one indeed in Austria. Already, under pressure from these new developments, and in acute economic need to obtain money somehow or other, he has cut down his trees reck-



All photographs by John Lehmann

Among the mountains of Upper Styria (of which this picture shows one of the most imposing, the Otscher) stretches a vast district of forests, mainly pine, owned and exploited by the Austrian State



Wood—especially the silver-grey shingles of the roofs—is predominant in local construction

lessly and has, in fact, been living on his capital. Many peasants have little or no timber left standing; and when one considers that trees in the Alpine regions need to attain an age of anything between 80 and 120 years to furnish good wood, one can see what a problem is being prepared for the future. This is not to say that the largest private estates, those over 500 hectares, which are in the hands of a few rich families such as the Rothschilds, the Hoyos, and the Schwarzenbergs, of various religious foundations, and—a modern development—of big companies, have not also been very badly hit; even though they have reduced the already low wages of the workers as far as possible, they still have to pay heavy ground taxes. Nevertheless they have big reserves to tide them over difficult times—provided the difficult times do not last too long. The state forests also have to pay the same heavy ground taxes, but get part at least of this back by way of various subsidies.

In the timber industry the first principle is: 'Avoid every unnecessary movement'. It is the felling and transport of the wood to railhead or sawmill that forms the major part of the expenses, far more than the culture and care of the living trees. Of the price obtained today at the railhead anything between 45 per cent (a rare minimum) and 75 per cent (in a few cases even more, according to the natural advantages of each particular district) may be accounted for by the cost of felling, of bringing down to the river or road, of conveying to the *rechen*—the wooden construction in the river which lets the water through, but holds up the logs against its comb-like arrangement of poles—and thence through special canals to the dumps. This leaves very little for overhead expenses of culture and care, for the payment of foresters and other employees, let alone heavy taxes.

An excellent idea of the problems arising, and the methods employed in the wood industry today in Austria, can be ob-

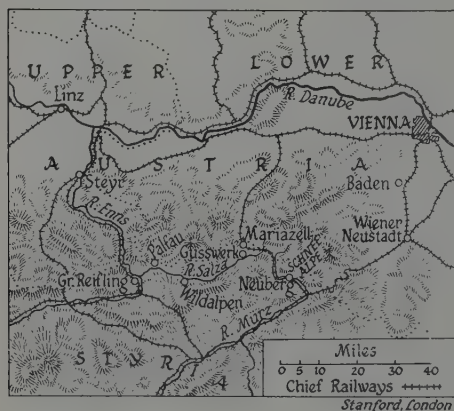
tained by a study of the rich Upper Styrian district, extending through the mountains round Mariazell, and down the valley of the Salza. Here are the great state forests of Neuberg, Mariazell, Gusswerk, Wildalpen, and Gross-Reifling, varying in size between 5000 and 20,000 hectares, the first of them converging on the Mürz, with the huge teeth of the Schnee-Alpe rising behind, and the others on the Salza in its winding narrow passage to the Enns and thus to the Danube.

Except for the highest peaks, the moun-



The foresters move ceaselessly about the districts under their care, watching for fire or other dangers that may threaten the millions of precious trees

tain slopes here are densely wooded with pine and occasional fir and larch, steep dark-green walks stretching down, often without a break of pasture or sunlight, to the green and foaming waters of the shallow river. The scent of pines fills the sharp air, undisturbed for long hours except for the faint roar of the stream breaking over the stones, or the crash of a tree being felled on a distant height. Sometimes eagles fly overhead, and sometimes as one watches some rock that juts out of the mountain face, one can see a chamois perched giddily on it. Wild mountain flowers are abundant everywhere. In spring, when the snows are melting, one finds snow-roses and snow-bells high up near the passes, then sudden brilliant patches of deep-blue gentians. In the late summer the meadows, where they break the huge expanses of forest, are lush green and thickly sprinkled with the pale purple autumn crocuses. Everything here is made of wood—houses, bridges and even church roofs, which have shingles instead of slates. The lumbermen live up in the mountains often during the whole week, building themselves a cabin near their work, and coming down only on Saturdays and Sundays to the valley, leaving the felled and stripped logs scattered over the slopes to wait for the arrival of winter and snow.



There are few peasants in these districts, and they are not too popular with the Forest Directions where they still exist, as certain rights have to be granted to them, of collecting wood and grazing their cattle, whose tinkling bells will sometimes be heard above or below the road as one passes. Interestingly enough, this antipathy is paralleled by the political antipathy between the free-living lumbermen and raftsmen, who are nearly all Socialists, if not Communists, and the fixed Conservative peasants susceptible as German peasants anywhere in Europe to the ideas of National Socialism. Many of these wood-workers lost their jobs when the crisis came, and their poverty as a class is extreme; their work, particularly that of the raftsmen, exacting and dangerous.

The first step in the process is to fell and prepare the wood. This nearly always takes place in summer in the Alps, even though the sap is still active in the trees, as deep snow makes the work practically impossible. Here very little modernization has taken place; machines have rarely been found to be worth the expense involved and have proved more cumbersome than useful. The next step is to bring the logs down from the slopes where they have fallen to the road level, whence they are nowadays carried away by lorries or forest-trucks, or, as in most Styrian forests, to the river. This is done in a variety of ways, sometimes by sleds, sometimes by special 'slip-ways' (themselves built of logs) and, more rarely, by rope-railways. A mixture of these methods can be seen in the state forest of Gross Reifling, where the logs are brought from some very inaccessible slopes by rope-railway and then shot down to the Salza bank near Palfau by means of a short 'slip-way'.

The third step is to transport the logs which have been assembled by the roadside or the river bank, to a dump at the rail-head, to the sawmill, or to the customer direct. Where waterways are used—and they are used wherever pos-



Primitive methods of wood-working—as in the making of shingles—still survive



Each state forest has its nursery, where the tiny trees are solicitously tended during their first four years or so: this is the nursery of the Mariazell state forest



Every year a new section of forest is felled: the trees are stripped where they fall

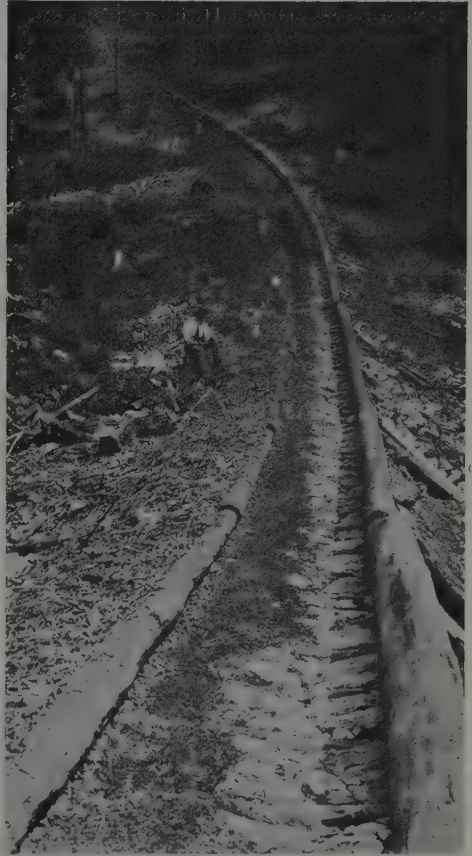


The logs are then brought down to road or river by means of sleds, rope-railways . . .

sible, as they provide by far the cheapest means of transport—this takes place in early spring, the moment a real thaw sets in. On the upper reaches of the Salza and its tributaries the logs are not bound together in rafts, but sent down loose with the stream. If you travel through the mountains in April or early May you will see the swollen streams everywhere almost choked with wood, enormous piles being directed into the main current by the workmen clambering over them.

The little Hubertus-See on a tributary of the Salza is, for instance, the assembling-place for the wood of the Mariazell state forest before it is sent off on its journey to the main river. Here there will be as many as 4000 logs collected at once, brought by sleds from all the surrounding slopes. When the *klaue* or sluice is opened they shoot down into the stream to join the wood from other districts already filling the Salza. For these logs

journey's end is at Gusswerk, where a large *rechen* prevents the wood from following the water any further. Here, as at the great *rechen* in Neuberg, the logs are then directed in twos and threes into the specially constructed canal. These *rechen* and canals have been recently rebuilt and adapted; the canal at Neuberg, which takes the wood a considerable distance to the sawmill and the dump, is in itself an experiment in wood-construction, and can carry on an average, in the season, 9000 fm. (*festmeter*) a day. [1 *festmeter* = 1 cubic metre of wood exactly, as opposed to 1 *raummeter* = 1 cubic metre of space



. . . or special slip-ways built of logs



The lower station of a rope-railway. The logs, which have come from heights too steep for other methods of descent, are being unloaded onto a truck-line that will take them to road or water

In the pretty little Hubertus-See the wood from the Mariazell state forest is assembled in spring, thousands of logs floating together before being shot down through the klause, or sluice, into a tributary of the Salza



When the sawmill or railhead is reached, as here at Gusswerk, a specially constructed rechen diverts the logs from the stream into a canal. In autumn the bars of this 'comb' are removed from their sockets



The canals which carry the logs down to the dumps from the rechen are often very long, and recently a new use has been found for timber in the construction of these, as well as of the rechen themselves



The rechen at Neuberg on the Mürz, with the huge teeth of the Schnee-Alpe rising in the background. The logs are shot down towards the dump into a long cement-built channel (below) where they are sorted. The labour-saving efficiency of this mechanism is remarkable





The dump at Neuberg, the largest and most up-to-date in Austria, was constructed at heavy expense just before the collapse of the timber market in the crisis six years ago. The sawmills (below) are driven by steam and the work in them is radically rationalized



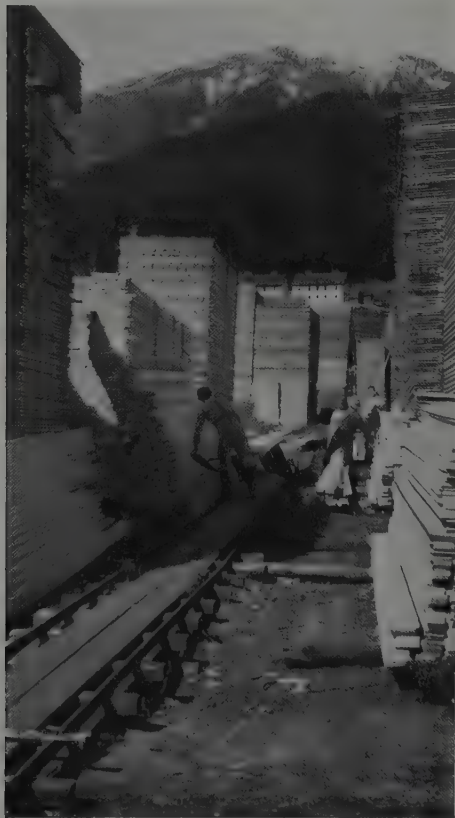
occupied by the wood when chopped and piled together (*i.e.* the wood plus the gaps of air between pieces). The relationship between the two measurements, in actual quantity of wood, is 1 : 1.30.]

It is, however, the dump itself which is the pride of Neuberg. The work on it was begun in 1928, and finished two years later. The labour-saving efficiency of this cement-built mechanism is remarkable. The wood as it arrives is automatically shot down from the canal to a long pool which reduces its speed; the impetus re-

mains, however, just sufficient to carry it on to the toothed revolving cogs on a long pier, which, themselves operated by the water, move it forward to be rolled down by waiting workmen on one or the other side, to one pile or the next, according to its length and thickness. In both Neuberg and Gusswerk the actual sawmills are rented from the state by private firms while the state only sells direct the unsawn logs.

In these steam-driven sawmills, with their sharp, resinous smell and clanging roar, modern machinery has been installed, and the work of sawing up the planks, shaping and planing, goes forward at a great pace with a minimum of hands. Payment is by piece-work, and rates have fallen. The sawmill at Gusswerk, run by the world-famous firm of Glesinger, treats now about 100 fm. a day, though before the crisis it treated considerably more, working day and night in three shifts.

It is when one has seen these modern transport and sawing mechanisms that one can appreciate the difficulties of the dwindling number of small peasants who still maintain their little sawmills. Though most of them are to be found outside the big estates, there are some still who have tiny enclaves in the state forests. One I saw on the Neuberg estate, whose sawmill had been in his family since 1852. It was driven by a water-wheel and had only two blades to its saw. He used it for himself and for the wood of his neighbours who paid him a small fee for his services. But it brought him no livelihood, and if he had not at the same time had his few small fields to cultivate he would have been driven by sheer starvation to abandon it. Another, a younger man, in Gusswerk, was luckier in possessing a sawmill which, though it was over a hundred years old, had been modernized by his father. He only worked the timber from his own hundred hectares or so of land, and sold it for fuel or roofing. He complained that he made little or nothing out of it, and was



Rates have fallen, and fewer workers are employed in the sawmills, though the quality of work and the scientific care of the sawn planks are as impressive as ever



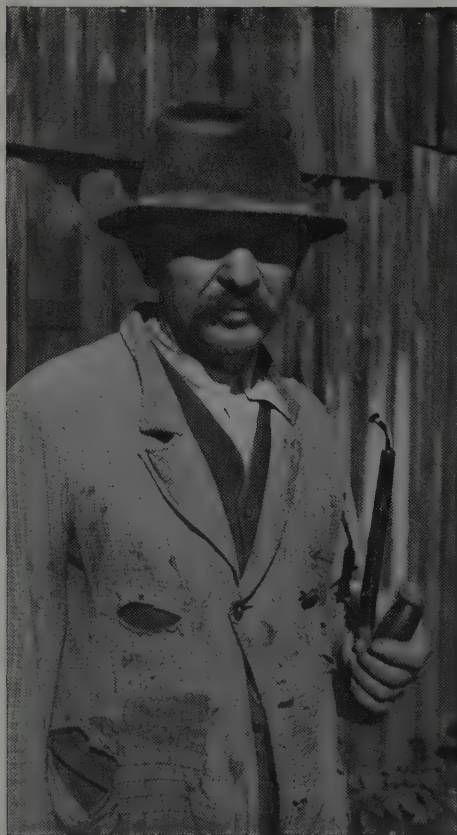
Here and there, even in the midst of the state forests, individual peasants can be found still working their little sawmills, though they are no longer economically profitable



These ancient sawmills are generally driven by primitive water-wheels from a mountain stream

rapidly exhausting his reserve of standing timber. All these peasants, whether they have sawmills or sell their wood for fuel or treat it by even more primitive methods, are faced with economic extermination.

Beyond Gusswerk the country of the raftsmen begins. In the state forest of Wildalpen the wood collects in an artificial lake behind the romantic Preszeny-Klause, built by the side of a huge towering cliff, and just below, when it is let through, arrives at the first raft-building station. These raft-building stations are found all



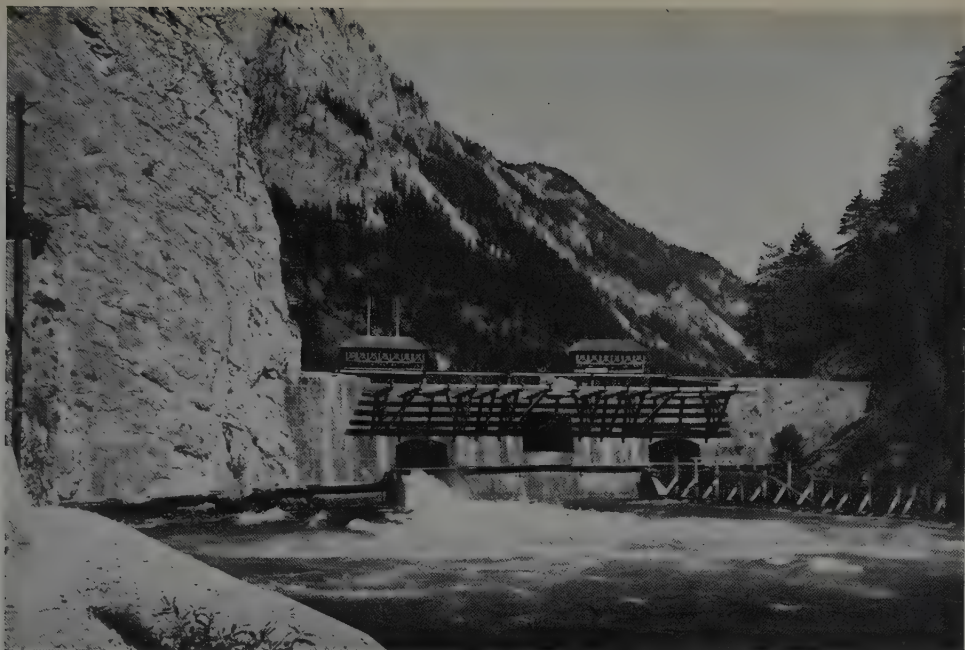
One of the peasant sawmill-owners. He cannot compete with modern rationalized methods and would starve if he had not a few fields as well

the way down to Palfau and beyond, along the 41 km. of the Salza, in its most beautiful reaches before it meets the Enns. The season for the raftsmen lasts from the spring often as late as November. They have to rise very early in the morning, at 4 or 5 A.M., in order to have their rafts ready in time for the opening of the *klause*, which takes place about 10 A.M.

When the by no means simple building of the raft is completed—sometimes, if a long journey is planned, with a small wood cabin in the middle—the four raftsmen take their places, two at each end for each of the four rudders, and then launch out into the swell of released water that comes plunging down. The Salza is shallow, rocky, twisting; the most skilful manœuvring is required to keep the raft in mid-stream, away from the treacherous banks. Sometimes a rudder breaks, and one of the raftsmen will be pitched in, and lucky if he escapes with his life or only slight injuries. Once they are in the Enns, where they often hand over to another set of four and are transported back by car, the dangers become less. By the time the broad and deeper Danube is reached, their journey is comparatively plain sailing all the way down to Vienna.

The importance of wood in relation to Austria's total exports has already been emphasized. There were moments, during the last five years, when it almost seemed as if the whole question of Austria's foreign political orientation turned on her wood exports. Who would buy the enormous supplies waiting at the railheads and in the sawmills? In the best years between 1923 and 1928 Austria was exporting about 260,000 truckloads of wood each year, and getting 250 million schillings for it. In 1928 the decline began, and when the full force of the crisis was being felt, in 1932, the figures had sunk to 83,000 truckloads.

In 1935 Austria exported 132,000 truck loads, but only received 90 million schillings for them; not only has the actual



The romantic Preschen-Klausen in the state forest of Wildalpen controls the flow of water for the raft-builders of the lower reaches of the Salza



Here at Palfau, the raft-builders launch forth on their perilous journey to the Danube

mass of the exports been severely reduced, but the price as well. The best customers had been France and Germany. In 1928 Germany alone had taken 110,000 truckloads, but in subsequent years these figures fell as low as 4000 truckloads at the worst. At one time Austria hoped that France would rally to the rescue; in the best years she had taken as much as 20,000 truckloads; but negotiations proved almost fruitless, and French importers showed themselves insensible to the political advantages for their country that such economic concessions to Austria might have produced. In 1935 France was only taking 2000 truckloads of Austrian wood, which was then—at the same time directing and following politics—going chiefly to Italy and Hungary, the countries of the Rome Pact. By this pact the three countries had granted one another important economic concessions to cement their new political intimacy, which made it possible for Austria considerably to increase her wood exports to these two of her neighbours. In

spite of all the difficulties of payment encountered with the lira and the pengo in an extremely weak state, these arrangements compensated to some extent for the huge disaster that the collapse of the German market had meant.

Though the costs of rail transport to England would, no doubt, have been excessive in contrast to the cost of sea-transport from other lands, it is interesting to observe that Austria's total exportable surplus of wood—2.7 million fm. out of a yearly production of 9.5 million fm.—would only have been the tiniest percentage of England's enormous wood imports.

Since the signing of the new Austro-German agreement in July 1936, the prospects of a revival in the German market have become brighter, and it is safe to say that the readiness or capacity of Germany to absorb more Austrian wood will be one of the main touchstones by which the Schuschnigg Government will judge of the success or failure of their political move.



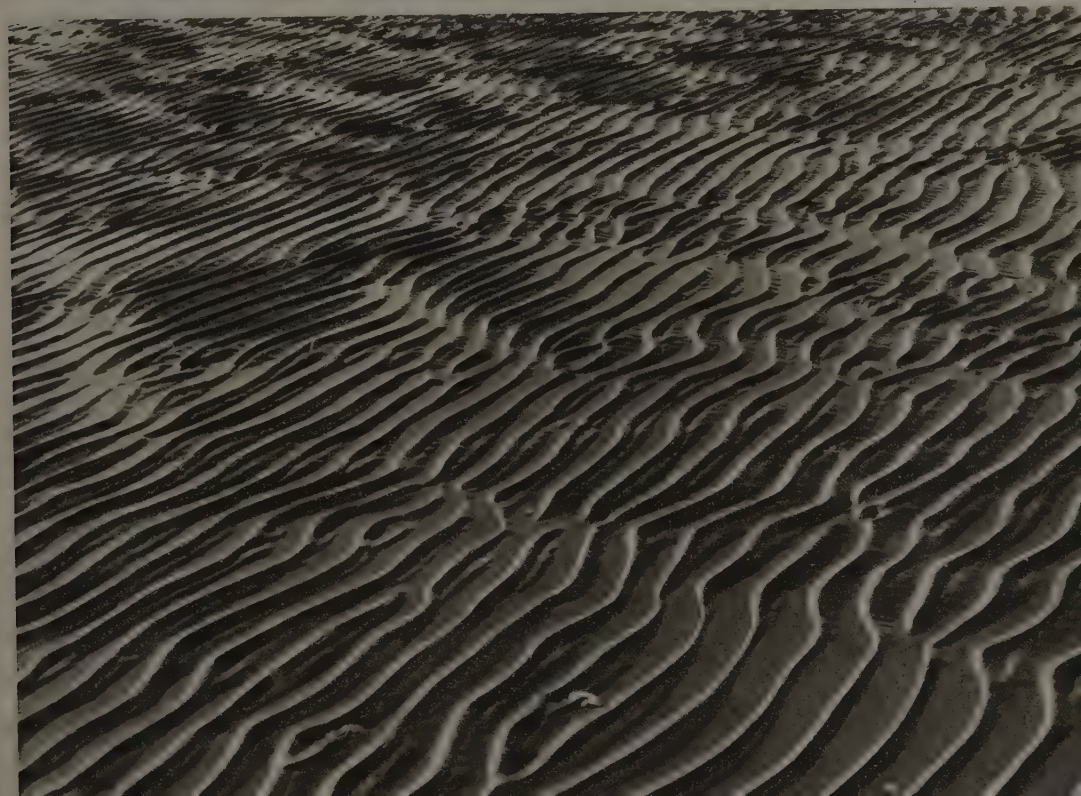
All photographs by Alfred Ehrhard

'Ye that on the sands with printless foot do chase the ebbing Neptune'—The Tempest











‘ But this is most fallible, the worm’s an odd worm ’—*Anthony and Cleopatra*



‘ Here come the clusters ’—*Coriolanus* ‘ Ay, marry, was it, mussel-shell ’—*The Merry Wives of Windsor*



‘ Things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion ’—*The Taming of the Shrew*

The Changing Face of Rome

by ARTURO BIANCHI

Rome—perhaps the most famous of the world's ancient and still living cities—has grown more rapidly during the past decade than ever before. As might be expected under a régime which so firmly subordinates private activities to the interests of the community, this growth has been carefully regulated in accordance with a preconceived plan. The various aspects of this plan, and in particular those which relate to the preservation of the old in the development of the new, are herein described by Signor Arturo Bianchi, Director of the Town Planning Office of the 'Governatorato' of Rome

THE problem of the city planning of Rome was first seriously considered in 1870 when, after the occupation by the troops of General Cadorna, what had been the quiet, unchanging capital of the little pontifical State became the capital of a great kingdom with a rapidly increasing population.

In 1870 the encircling walls, built by the Roman Emperors for the defence of the city, enclosed not only inhabited areas but also vast stretches of agricultural land, a clear proof that the Rome of the Popes had shrunk considerably since the Rome of the Caesars. Today the ancient Roman walls are surrounded by houses which extend for several miles beyond them. This extension of the city corresponds to the increase in its population. In the 1871 census Rome had a population of about 244,000; at the end of last June this had reached a total of 1,160,000.

Comparing these two figures, it is easy to see how much the city has developed. This development has been accentuated under the Fascist régime. In 1922, when the Blackshirts came into power, the population was about 700,000, which means that in little over twelve years the increase has been equal to that which took place in the previous fifty years!

For this reason the problem of Town Planning, which under previous governments was not of any great importance, has in the last few years assumed far more serious proportions, especially since, as well as the task of regulating the development of the city and its services in accordance with the needs of its ever-increasing

population, there was the problem of preserving and planning the magnificent monuments of past ages, many of which were lying smothered under squalid slum houses.

"I like to divide the problems of Rome, the Rome of the 20th century, into two categories: problems of necessity and problems of grandeur. One cannot undertake the latter unless the former have been dealt with. The problems of necessity arise from the development of Rome, and may be stated in two words: houses and communications. The problems of grandeur are of another kind: we must free the whole of ancient Rome from second-rate disfigurements, but (besides caring for what is ancient and mediaeval) we must create the monumental Rome of the 20th century. . . ."

In these words Benito Mussolini, on April 22, 1924, on receiving the freedom of the city, summed up the work to be taken in hand. In the succeeding ten years it has been in great part carried out.

In 1925 the municipality of Rome was incorporated into a new administrative unit, more flexible and therefore more adapted to the work of renovation, *i.e.* the 'Governatorato'.

At first the work was based on the old Town Plan approved in 1909 and its subsequent modifications (according to Italian law a Town Plan remains in force for twenty-five years). It soon became evident, however, that the time had come to draw up a new plan (without waiting for the old one to expire) which would make allowance for new requirements, due both



STANFORD, LONDON

to the increasing size of the city and also to the larger undertakings outlined by the Duce.

In 1930, therefore, a commission was appointed to draw up a new plan. The difficulties of this task were not small, particularly as regards the planning of the central area. If one marks on a map of the city all the buildings and remains of such artistic or archaeological importance as to be worthy of preservation, there results a dense mosaic which shows clearly how impossible it would be to draw up a plan involving extensive demolition and the creation of wide straight avenues.

Some consideration was given to the solution which is often put forward by town-planners when it is proposed to reorganize the old centres of cities that possess artistic interest—namely, that of displacing the old centre in such a way as to empty it of congesting traffic and to render unnecessary the widening of roads by diverting communications towards new districts. This solution, however, was quickly abandoned, partly because of practical difficulties, but chiefly because it would have been opposed to all the traditions of our city, which in successive periods of renewal has preserved its centre almost unchanged. Here the monuments of the past, whether those of Imperial Rome or of the Papal Rome of the Renaissance are, as it were, superimposed: in fact, from the Roman Forum, the centre of Imperial Rome, to the Via Giulia, the centre of Renaissance Rome, the distance as the crow flies is only about 1200 yards. Moreover, at every epoch the Capitol has remained the citadel of the city's government, and one could not seriously consider leaving it outside the life of the greater Rome of the 20th century.

The solution of displacing the centre of the city having therefore been abandoned, the problem of planning this centre was solved by adopting not one but several schemes according to the several characters of the districts.

In this way the district between the Colosseum, the Piazza Venezia, the Theatre of Marcellus and the Bocca della Verità was dealt with on the basis of large-scale demolition. In this quarter, where the most important remains of Imperial Rome are to be found, many squalid houses and constructions, inhabited by the lowest social classes, grew up in the period of decadence. Here, then, one could proceed without difficulty to destroy the old quarter and to create a new one in which the glorious remains of the past might form a magnificently towering background to the new arterial roads, humming with traffic.

It has thus been possible to constitute what has been called the Ring of Imperial roads, not less than 35 yards wide, which encloses the very cradle of Ancient Rome: the Palatine, the Aventine and the Roman Forum. The roads composing this ring have been planned from both the traffic and the monumental points of view. The Via dell' Impero, which begins at the Piazza Venezia and passes between the Forum and the Capitol on one side and the imposing ruins of Trajan's Market and the Imperial Forums on the other, with the superb outline of the Colosseum in the background, is at the same time an important arterial road linking up the centre of the city with the Via Appia and the Castelli Romani.

The Via dei Trionfi, starting from the great open space in front of the Colosseum and aligned on the monumental Arch of the Emperor Constantine, serves as communication between the Via dell' Impero and the Viale Aventino, a broad artery, 55 yards wide, which leads to the industrial quarter and to the magnificent motor-road by which in fifteen minutes one can reach the seashore at Ostia.

The next part of the ring, the Via del Circo Massimo, is undoubtedly one of the finest roads in Rome from the point of view of panoramic beauty. It rises gently up the grassy, sun-warmed slopes of the Aventine,



Alinari

The first of the new streets cut through squalid areas to reveal the remains of Imperial Rome was the Via dell' Impero. Inaugurated in 1932, it links the Piazza Venezia with the Colosseum



Alinari

The Via dell' Impero, from the Colosseum. On the left is the Temple of Venus and Roma



Alinari

The monument to Victor Emmanuel II, finished in 1911, symbolizes the national reunion of Italy. It dominates the Piazza Venezia, at the northern end of the Via dell' Impero



Alinari

The Temple of Venus and Roma, built by Hadrian in A.D. 135, was the largest in Rome



The Via del Circo Massimo, opened in 1934. Beyond it rise the remains of the Palace of Septimius Severus



Alinari

The Via dei Trionfi, inaugurated in 1933, runs from the Colosseum southward and is aligned on the splendidly preserved Arch of Constantine, which dates from A.D. 315

affording a splendid view over the whole range of important ruins of the palaces of the Caesars on the Palatine, while below in the Valle Murcia, which has already been freed of the squalid houses that disfigured it, one will soon be able to admire the remains of the Circus Maximus, a large part of which are still buried beneath the ground.

To close this ring, between the Via del Circo Massimo and the Piazza Venezia we have the Via di Bocca della Verità and the Via di Tor de' Specchi which is flanked on one side by the slopes of the Capitoline Hill, freed of the poverty-stricken houses which were built up against it, and on the other side by the Theatre of Marcellus, now finally cleared. These two streets together have also been called the Via del Mare (Road to the Sea) since they are the most

direct route for traffic heading for the Lido of Rome.

In this way it has been possible to create a system of convenient lines of communication leading from the Piazza Venezia, which may be considered the civic centre, in the two directions towards which the natural development of the city tends—the hills and the sea.

The whole of this work has been carried out in five years. Limitations of space prevent me from entering into greater detail, but to give an idea of the speed with which the work has been conducted I will only say that in the construction of the Via dell'Impero, during a period of only seven months, 300,000 cubic metres of ground were dug up and removed, of which total 52,000 cubic metres consisted of rock and concrete, 5500 *vani di abitazione*—a measure-

Mussolini's Rome is not concerned merely with the revelation of past glories: it is to the future, to the new districts outside the old city and to the new citizens who will grow up in them, that much of her attention is directed. This elementary school, recently opened, is in one of the areas of development reaching out towards the Campagna to the south-east of the city.

(Below) The school-yard with a dais for the headmaster



Vasari

Vasari





Vasari

The hall of the school, paved in olive-green marble, with white and green marble steps. The walls and the bas-relief (illustrative of family life) are of concrete

ment based on cubic living-space—were demolished and 12,000 cubic metres of sustaining walls built.

Although it was possible to apply these drastic methods of demolition in the district of Imperial Rome, an entirely different procedure had to be adopted in the quarters of Old Rome, which were the chief centre of its life in the period of the Renaissance. In this case it was mainly a question of preserving a zone of high artistic importance containing not only great churches and palaces, but also an assemblage of buildings which, though of lesser architectural scale, display nevertheless all the grace of those artists of the Renaissance whom the pontiffs of that period called to their court to restore the splendours of the Roman past. Thus, in this vast district, which is called the Renaissance Quarter, demolition

has been limited to making room for those roads which were strictly required for traffic; and these roads have been deflected, where necessary, in order to save any artistic buildings on their route, and at the same time to preserve the picturesque character of the old street system.

As well as these plans for dealing with the traffic, other measures have been undertaken for improving the hygienic conditions of the district. That is, by applying the principle of 'thinning out' houses with the aim of making squares and other open spaces at points of 'least resistance' and, without spoiling the character of the district or sacrificing artistic buildings, of improving the conditions of light and air for the surrounding houses.

The reorganization of this district will be completed by a systematic restoration



Anderson

Outlying suburbs like the Lido of Rome, at Ostia, have now been made easily accessible by means of new roads and electrified railways—an important factor in preventing the overdevelopment and overcentralization of the capital. Here, at the Lido, is the new Post Office. (Above) The entrance. (Below) The blue-tiled public hall



Anderson



Vasari

Other public buildings of the new Rome likewise display a vigorous familiarity with modern architectural ideas. The Chiesa di Cristo Re (above), to the south of the Vatican City, is unabashed by its ancient neighbours and achieves a stylistic independence more natural, perhaps, in a new dispensary for the tubercular (below)

G. Leonardi Cattolica





New blocks of flats, boldly planned, help to house the increased working population under the new régime



Suburban residences of the villa type are, like the larger buildings, being regulated in accordance with 'zoning' plans, both as regards height and ground-area in relation to the plot

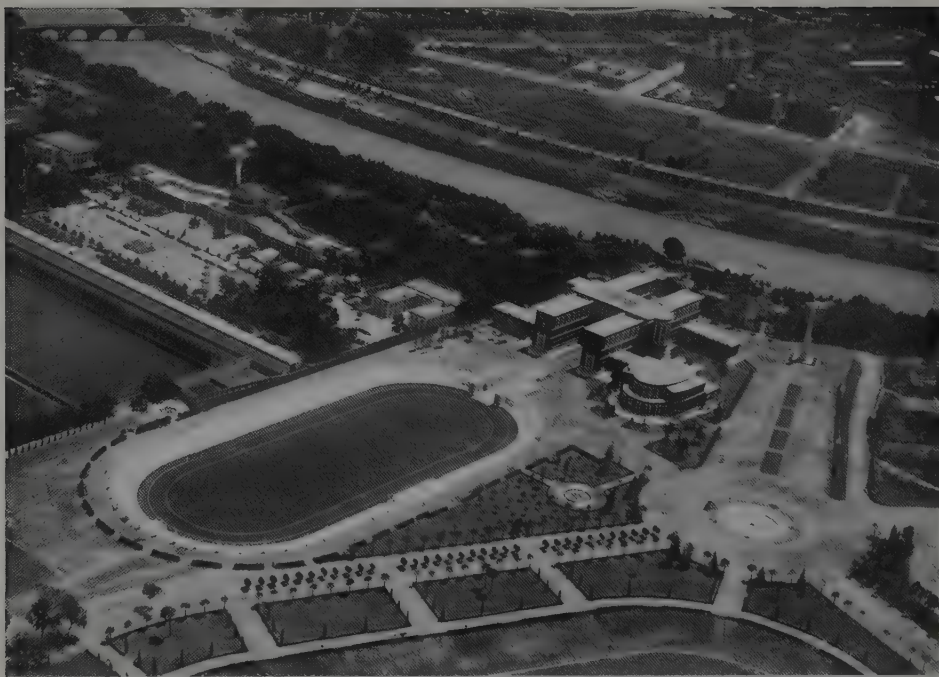
of the numerous artistic buildings already existing which have been disfigured by badly designed additions or transformations, or which are falling into decay. This is a work which will require no little time and which will only be fully appreciated when complete. The present Governor of Rome, H. E. Giuseppe Bottai, has so fully understood the importance of this work in increasing the beauty of the city that he has appointed a special committee to lay down the procedure for the successive stages in the replanning of the Renaissance Quarter.

This is not the place to give details of the network of streets in the old centre of the town, but one can nevertheless claim that the problem of creating communications from east to west and north to south, as well as those radiating outwards, has been solved in such a way as to fulfil all the requirements of the city.

As for the road system in the develop-

ment zones, this has been planned in such a way that the fundamental lines are those of the ancient Consular roads (Via Appia, Via Casilina, Via Tiburtina, etc.). These roads, when widened, and in some places rectified, form the principal radiating lines and the backbones of the city's extension towards the Campagna. This system is completed by wide circular roads and a network of secondary roads which vary in character according to the different areas under development and particularly according to the contours of the district.

One must bear in mind that the nature of the areas to be developed varies considerably: towards the east, for instance, the ground is mostly flat with very gentle slopes; while towards the west there is a range of hills, sometimes with steep ascents. This variety has naturally affected the plans for 'zoning', which have been based on the principle of preserving wherever possible the character of the area or its



Characteristic of Fascist enterprise is the Mussolini Forum, Italy's largest centre of physical education, with its training school and marble stadium. It was erected in 1931-33

natural panoramic beauties. Besides the 'intensive' constructions — that is, the biggest buildings, whose height, corresponding to the width of the roads, may reach 35 metres—we have constructions of the 'large villa' type with a height limit of 19 metres and other dimensional limits; 'little villas' with a limit to the number of storeys, which are allowed to cover one-fifth of plots over 100 square metres in area; high-grade small villas, high-grade large villas and private park houses, which are allowed to cover respectively one-sixth, one-fifteenth and one-twentieth of the plot; and finally certain areas reserved as open spaces where no building can be erected.

The whole scheme consists of a graduation in the intensity of building, applied according to the characteristics of the

different areas. In this way intensive construction has been undertaken principally in the east, and the more widely spaced building chiefly among the hills to the west, so as to preserve, if only in part, the rural appearance of the hills. In particular, the area round the Via Appia Antica, where there are many ruins of Roman tombs and Imperial aqueducts, will be kept as open ground, for the beauty of this lonely spot would be completely spoilt if commonplace houses were built over it.

Besides the 'green lungs' represented by the areas of widely spaced construction, provision has been or will be made for numerous public gardens. In addition to the large parks, many small garden squares have been planned in order that in every district the children may have a healthy play centre near their homes. To

sum up in one figure the importance accorded by the Town Plan of Rome to the provision of public gardens, I will only add that they will eventually cover a surface of nearly 2400 acres—that is, one-fourteenth of the whole area covered by the plan.

Provision has also been made in the areas under development for public buildings, schools, covered markets, hospitals, cemeteries, etc., in order to prevent the occupation by dwelling-houses of sites more suitable for such purposes.

Simultaneously and in complete harmony with the drawing-up of the Town Plan, arrangements are also being made for the systematic reorganization of transport in urban areas, including that of the railways.

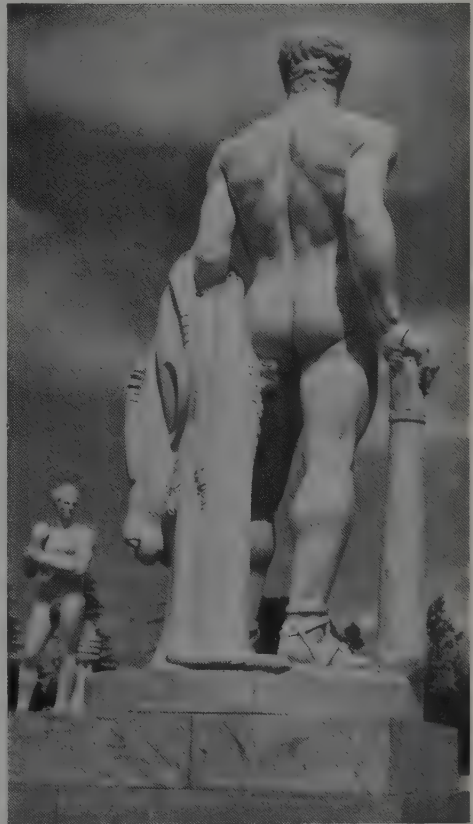
As regards transport, a bold and radical reform was carried out in 1930 when all the tramways in the centre of the city were abolished and the more rapid and manageable 'bus was substituted for these cumbersome vehicles. The improvement in convenience and speed has been very marked, but this reform can only be regarded as partial until a suitable network of metropolitan railways has been constructed. For this purpose a plan has already been completed and soundings of the subsoil taken.

As regards the railways, the problem has been divided into two distinct parts: the reorganization of the railway plant in the city, and the planning of suburban railway lines.

In fulfilment of the first of these aims, provision has been made for two large new stations to the north and south of the city, connected by a large underground tunnel, in place of the present Central Station terminus, which will eventually be transformed into an underground transit station.

In the planning of suburban lines, the object has been to provide rapid means of communication linking Rome to the neighbouring small towns, especially the Castelli Romani, as well as to new centres such

as the Lido of Rome which have arisen or will arise under the impulsion of the present régime. It is obvious how important an effect this will have in favouring urban decentralization and in preventing the city of Rome from becoming overdeveloped according to modern ideas. As regards the Lido of Rome, the problem has already been completely solved by the construction of an electric railway by which one can reach the sea in less than half an hour. This rapid and convenient means of communication has greatly encouraged the development of the Lido, which may be regarded as a new urban district.



The Mussolini stadium is embellished with sixty statues of athletes, each more than 13 feet high, presented by the various Italian provinces



Vasari

The new University City of Rome, inaugurated in 1935, cost over £1,500,000 and covers 250,000 square metres—40,000 of actual buildings. It is situated on the eastern side of the city

Vasari



The main entrance to the University City



Vasari

Looking towards the Rectorate. The University City, designed as a centre of study for the whole country, was the work of a group of young architects assembled from all over Italy

Vasari



The Rectorate and the Faculty of Jurisprudence

A new line has also been constructed linking the north of Latium with the Piazza del Popolo through various tunnels. This line will encourage the development of new boroughs to the north of Rome. Finally, a project is under consideration for a new line to connect with the Castelli Romani, which will reduce by nearly one half the time taken by the existing electric tram.

Having thus given a rapid summary of the general scheme of work now being carried out to make the city of Rome equal to the requirements of her function as capital of a kingdom of 43 million inhabitants, I think it will be of interest to quote some of the housing statistics of recent years, figures which will give a clear idea of the rate of progress in urban development.

The following are the number of construction licences passed by the Housing Office of the city of Rome in the last five years (the figures refer to the number of *vani di abitazione*):

1930	34,146
1931	14,352
1932	17,359
1933	25,272
1934	46,769
1935 (first half) . .	39,276

In the five years 1930-34 there were built each year an average of some 25,000 *vani*, and this average is tending

to increase considerably. Comparing the census of 1921 with that of 1931 we see that whereas in 1921 Rome had a total of 455,025 *vani*, in 1931 she had 670,558—an increase of 215,533 in ten years. From this one may deduce that in 1941 Rome will have at least double the number she had twenty years previously. The new Town Plan takes into account the requirements of this rapid development. It plans for a population of over two million, extending over an area of 34,800 acres, while the previous plan only covered an area of 13,200 acres.

Naturally this private building activity has its counterpart in public buildings erected by the State and the 'Governatorato', many of them being of considerable architectural importance. I will only refer to the two most important works of the régime in Rome; the Mussolini Forum, the largest Italian centre for physical education, which, with its group of stadiums and different sports buildings, covers an area of 850,000 square metres; and the new University City, inaugurated last year, which, designed to meet the most modern higher educational needs, covers an area of 250,000 square metres.

Today Rome is an immense capital and it is for us Italians a source of legitimate pride to see the Eternal City worthily restored to the traditions of beauty and grandeur of Imperial Rome.

A Wedding in the Bulgarian Mountains

by DR CHRISTOPH FÜRER-HAIMENDORF

IN the Rhodope Mountains of Bulgaria, where legend says the songs of Orpheus once rang and even today are to be found the remains of ancient Greek sanctuaries, there still survive descendants of the old-time shepherds who observe some of the most ancient traditions of their kind. These nomad people of the mountains are Kara-Kachians and Kara-Wallachians, and their language is partly Greek and partly an old Rumanian dialect.

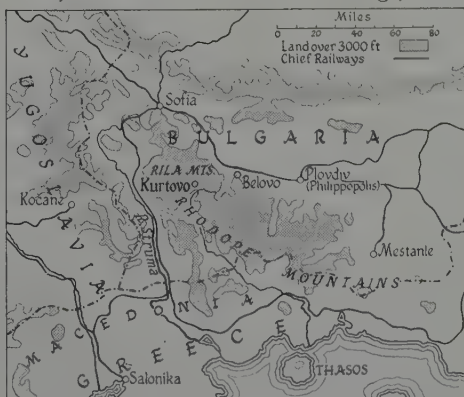
They differ from the people of Bulgarian origin living in the hidden valleys, not only in their speech, but also in form, stature, manners and customs. As long ago as the 10th century they separated from the main body of the Rumanians and went south with their flocks and herds. In the inhospitable mountain districts of Rhodope, Macedonia and Thessaly, where no one wished to dispute with them the ownership of fertile uncultivated lands, they began their free, wandering life. Their settlements are seldom visited by a Bulgarian peasant; and it is only when the snowstorms of the bitter winters oblige them to seek shelter that they go for a few months into the lower districts to seek for a short time hospitality from the dwellers in the valleys.

Anyone who wishes to know the Kara-Wallachians truly must visit them in their mountains where they keep their sheep, put up their little huts and hold their little festivals.

I and my companions rode for two days through the Rhodope before we came to the first Kara-Wallachian village. We looked over the heights of the Belmeken, far beyond the fruitful plain of Philippopolis to the snowy Rila mountains in the west, and at last came to the narrow passes in that part of Rhodope which, until the

Balkan war, belonged to Turkey. We met great flocks of sheep, until we came to the edge of the forest, where small stunted shrubs grow. Then we found ourselves among clumps of tall firs, warped and crippled by the winds. From rising ground we finally saw the Kara-Wallachian village of Kurtovo. There, where the meadow joins the outskirts of the forest, about fifty very small and widely scattered huts were to be seen, with their roofs made of wooden planks glimmering like silver in the sunlight.

We were received with hospitality on our arrival, and a shelter was found for us in the house of a man who assured us that we were welcome. The house did not look very attractive from the outside. It was made of rough, weather-worn wood, and the walls were low and had no windows. Loose wooden planks covered the pointed gables. I had to stoop while passing through the low door and was astonished to find myself in a comfortable room with decorations of great beauty. Felt carpets and woollen hangings, curtains in lovely and well assorted colourings, were





The valleys of the Rhodope Mountains, in southern Bulgaria, are filled with tall pine trees and abundant undergrowth. Through them leads the path to the high mountain districts where dwell the Kara-Wallachians, a nomadic, non-Bulgarian people. The long trail winds over barren, rocky uplands beyond the tree-line

All photographs by Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf





In these desolate regions the Kara-Wallachians, whose main occupation is sheep-breeding, tend their flocks during the summer. Their powerful sheep-dogs, unaccustomed to strangers, greet the traveller with furious barking while the sheep huddle together

laid everywhere on the floor. They are almost the only form of furnishing: the Kara-Wallachians do not use or know furniture as we understand it. The proof of riches and comfort in a house is the possession of thick bed-fleeces, which are carefully stored in a corner. A kettle on the fire, a few plates, dishes and bottles, all made of tin, complete the equipment of the house, which in any case must not be too abundant, because every year it has to be loaded on horses and taken down into the lower valleys.

Our landlord told us that we had arrived just in time for a great event. Next morning the marriage of one of the richest girls in the village was to take place, and on that evening the festivities, which would last over several days, would begin. In the house of the bride's parents there was already a great deal of excitement.

Neighbours and friends came to inspect the beautiful quilts, the many rich household treasures, and the gold and silver jewellery which is given to the bride on her marriage. This trousseau had taken many years to prepare, because it is customary for the bride not only to attend to her own trousseau, but to give presents to her nearest relatives and friends.

All visitors are invited to a drink, and joking and merriment are the order of the day. Only one thing is lacking—the bride. She must not appear. She is hidden away in a small dark room with a few women round her, expectantly waiting.

As a rule the Kara-Wallachians marry early, but the young people have little to say in the matter of choosing their mates. As among the nomadic races of Central Asia, the wish of the parents prevails. According to the ancient custom, the en-



Kurtovo is a typical Kara-Wallachian village of some fifty houses. The dwellings are very primitive: their leaky timber roofs afford poor protection against the rain, but they at least let out the smoke and admit light and air, for there are no chimneys or windows. Outside each house is a small platform where the women do their work—mostly spinning and weaving. (Left) The older women carry their spindles with them wherever they go



There is to be a wedding in Kurtovo and preparations are in full swing. The woman in the centre is already dressed in her finery for the ceremony. During these, the bride is kept apart in her parents' house, where, amid the harrowing formalities of pre-nuptial leave-taking, she is attended by her female relatives. Her dowry will consist mainly of textiles: among the presents chosen for her is (right) a wine-red rug with beige stripes



gaged couple must not see each other during the entire period of the engagement.

Towards evening of the day before the wedding the young men of the village begin the ceremonial decoration of the house of the bridegroom's parents. They stick a red, highly decorated flag on the gable of the house. This flag is the banner of the bridegroom and is his property during all the festivities. When the decoration has been accomplished, the bridegroom is ceremoniously shaved in the presence of all the young bachelors of his neighbourhood. Meantime the bride is dressed by all her female friends and relatives in her bridal garments. Heavy silver chains are hung round her, and her hair, dressed high, is interwoven with chains to which gold coins are attached. Finally she is veiled in thick red material, which completely covers her face and figure. Now she has to take formal leave of her parents and sisters, and this is a terrible ordeal, which sorely tries the nerves of all concerned. For hours the bride kneels before her mother, deeply veiled and weeping hysterically. She bends her head all the time in token of submission to her fate.

I saw this rite being performed one evening; it continued all through the night and the following day. It was a mystery to me how the girl could endure the sheer physical strain. It may be that under the influence of the regular and rhythmic movements of her head, the continual and monotonous howlings and the close atmosphere in the narrow overcrowded room, she fell into some kind of a trance, as happens among primitive people in ritualistic dances.

The songs, which begin in the evening and fill the hut until early morning, all relate to the marriage and departure of the bride from her home and parents. From time to time the clear voices of the girls are interrupted by rougher notes from the men, but no single voice is heard alone. In contrast to the cultured choral song of the Bulgarians, the Kara-Wallachians sing

on one note only. And the musical accompaniment is that of a strange and primitive world.

Night comes, and there is a lovely sky brilliant with stars. Light and song come only from the bride's house. At midnight a man comes out with a blazing torch in his hand and proceeds to the dancing-ground, where a large number of logs has been heaped. Soon the flames blaze up as high as the houses and are seen against the sky, so that the whole ground is illuminated. Now the girls and boys come along and dance around the bonfire. An old man leads the dance; more boys dance after him, and after them the girls. It is very rarely that a young man and a girl dance together. In this Wedding Dance no contact is allowed; they may only catch each other by the belts. The smooth, rhythmic and complicated dance steps are repeated. Gradually the tempo becomes quicker and the principal dancers take bolder steps. Soon the dancers are singing monotonous songs, after which they dance to the music of the shepherd's pipe. The more excited the movements become, the more serious and quiet becomes the demeanour of all the dancers, giving the appearance rather of a religious ceremony than a festivity. The dancers afford a fantastic spectacle in their beautiful coloured costumes, at one moment illuminated by the flickering light of the fire, at another disappearing in the darkness of the night or appearing as ghostly shadows against the fire. By degrees the fire burns down and everyone goes to the entertainment in the house of the bride's parents.

Next morning the village is very quiet. The people have been up almost all night and now the women have to attend to the daily work. Far over the fields the girls are going to the well, carrying drum-shaped wooden buckets at the side or two buckets on a yoke on the shoulders. After this, they go home to dress for the wedding; their ordinary clothes are brightly coloured and pretty, but when they put on



The bridegroom (in the middle, with flowers in his cap) setting out with his relatives and friends



The bridegroom and his friends parade through the village to the house of the bride. Before them is borne a red silk flag which has been flying on the bridegroom's house

their wedding and holiday garments they are magnificently adorned, and they have some splendid jewellery and valuable silks which are a great contrast to the poverty of the houses. The principal adornment of the bride is the crown which she has to wear. First of all her own hair, often supplemented by artificial hair, is built up into a high structure. A silk ribbon is bound around this, so that the crown of her head is visible; the ribbon is bound round her neck and extends down to the waist. Silver chains and silver coins are inserted into this foundation and finally a large silver crown is placed on her head. This crown often weighs five pounds and has to be fastened under the chin to keep it in place.

During the whole of the morning the ceremonies of farewell to her friends and her parents occupy the girl. Songs and tears are heard from all sides, and appear to have no end. When we consider that the young

wife's new home is not two hundred paces from her parents' home, this mourning and lamentation appears somewhat overdone. However, the custom certainly survives from olden times when girls were sent away to marriages in far-distant villages and seldom saw their friends again.

Early in the afternoon all come to the front of the bridegroom's house. Horses are saddled and the master of the ceremonies takes the red silk flag down from the roof. Now the bridegroom comes out. He is a tall and handsome young man about eighteen years old. Instead of wearing trousers, he has a finely pleated white skirt which reaches the knees and exposes the legs like the kilt of a Scotsman. The wine-red jerkin, embroidered with silver, leaves his white shirt-sleeves uncovered. He has a white kerchief round his shoulders and in his black lambskin cap he wears a spray of artificial flowers. Some of his friends are similarly dressed,



They dance before the bride's house, wearing embroidered kerchiefs round their shoulders: the bridegroom and his best friend in white kilts. The bride does not take part in any of the dances

but other men wear trousers, tied round the bottoms. Now the bridegroom mounts the white horse which has a bright red holster over the wooden saddle. The procession sets out, with the master of ceremonies at the head, the bridegroom riding between his friends, and the women and older people following on foot. They go round the village until they arrive at the bride's house, where a most excellent breakfast awaits them. During the breakfast the master of ceremonies hands round the loving cup, and each guest drinks, expresses a wish for the happiness of the young couple, and contributes a piece of money for the new house.

The sun has now risen high in the sky and the wedding chant begins in the square. The bridegroom takes part, but the bride has still to remain hidden. Everybody in the village able to walk attends, and the dancers come forward interminably to the music of the shepherd's

pipes. The master of ceremonies waves the red, bridegroom's flag, and only drops it when he is completely exhausted. Then another man takes his place and so the dance continues. But the old women sit round the square in rows and watch what is going on. This continues for hours and hours, till the shadows of the dancers begin to lengthen. Now the dance is suddenly cut short, and everyone goes to the house of the bride's parents. Some of the men carry the dowry, wrapped in large coloured cloths, on two horses. At last the bride appears outside the house. She wears a red veil which covers her completely and is ornamented with sparkling tinsel. She bows deeply three times before the white horse, and is then lifted into the saddle. The master of ceremonies rides his own horse, with the flag in his hand before the procession, the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by other guests, following, pack-horses completing the procession.



A later phase in the wedding dance. Others have joined in, extending the line so far that they can no longer dance in a circle, but have to form a spiral figure



A group of the older married women with their children watch the dance with great interest



A pause in the dance. The girls' festival dresses are very gay—blue and orange-red being the predominant colours. Their jackets and aprons are of velvet embroidered with silver



At last the bride, wrapped in a tinsel-covered veil, appears and is lifted onto her horse



The bridal procession, preceded by the bridegroom's flag, leaves the village and traverses the open meadows, while the young men gallop about, before returning to the bridegroom's house

The procession reaches the open meadow land, all the inhabitants of the village attending, their bright-coloured costumes glittering in the light of the setting sun. The beautiful mountain chains in the background make the whole scene like fairyland. Two young men slip out of the procession and ride their horses in a wild gallop over the meadows. Perhaps this may be to show off the paces of the horses, or it may be a relic of an old custom dating back to the time when the girl was married by capture and her lover ran away with her on horseback, together with his friends.

The procession stops on a hill, and a messenger hurries to the house of the bridegroom's parents in order to announce the imminent arrival of the bride. An enormous loaf of bread and a heap of sheep's wool await her at the threshold as

symbols of what her work in the house is to be. Now there are further festivities in the house, and the bride sits in quiet and silence in the reception room while the bridegroom continues to dance. Next morning, in the open air, the marriage takes place according to orthodox rites. A priest is summoned from the village, but everyone clearly feels that church ceremonial is a somewhat irrelevant incident in the ceremonies. Immediately after the marriage a lamb is slaughtered, roasted on a spit and eaten in the open field. Nobody in the village thinks of work today, and until the evening the Wedding Dance is danced, with singing and drinking. But the marriage night ends all this for the bridal pair. Next morning there is great rejoicing, and parents, relations and friends come along and congratulate the young couple.

Pioneers on the Peace River

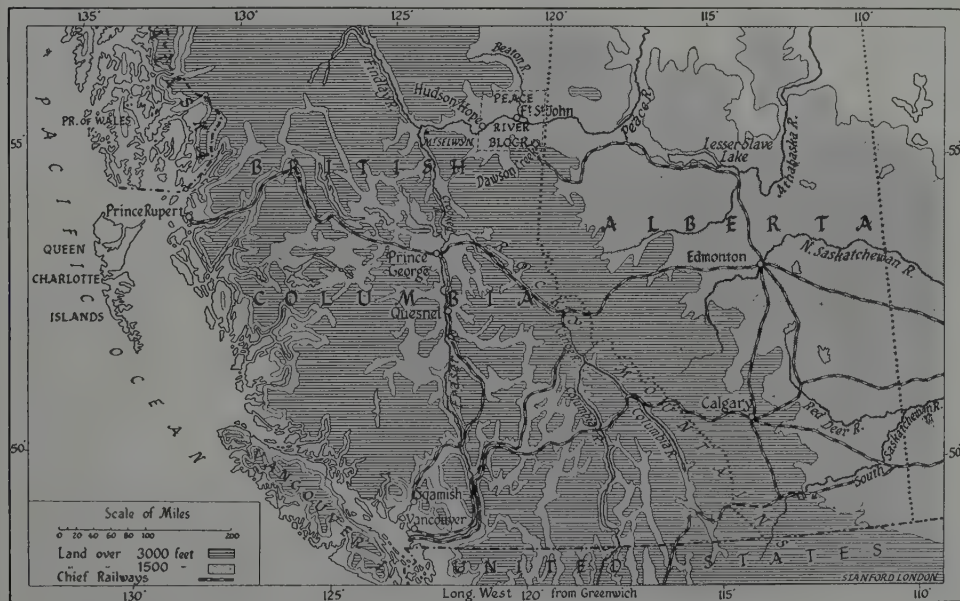
by CECILIA GOODENOUGH

At a time when the resumption of Empire settlement is much under discussion, it is of interest to learn what conditions are like in one of the areas most recently brought within the range of agricultural colonization. Such is the Peace River Block, near the northernmost limit of wheat-growing, where Miss Goodenough, daughter of the former President of the Royal Geographical Society, has been engaged for five and a half years in evangelical mission work

In a recent novel, *The Proselyte*, Miss Susan Ertz gives a picture of the Mormons' caravan moving slowly across the United States, to reach Salt Lake City, which was, as far as they knew, to be their home. This penetrating story of the 'sixties, with its background of suffering and endurance and the pathos in the narrative of men and women struggling ever further and further to find a home, must live in the mind of anyone who knows something of the great dominions of the Empire; for it reflects the ceaseless struggle of those who make these great countries their home. Life, to a large number of Canadians, is one long move. The pioneer can never be still. He is for ever reaching out to see what lies beyond, for the very nature of the country

breeds in him an instability and a desire to find some better place to settle than the one he knows. Like the Dutch *voortrekkers* of another continent, Fate drives him to leave his home and move forward.

Here in this block of land on the upper reaches of the Peace River, you can talk with men who are of the fourth and fifth generation of pioneer families which have been drifting westwards for many years. Their great-grandfathers hacked out the bush roads in the Ontario forests. Their grandfathers pastured the broad prairies of Manitoba. Their fathers made fortunes in the great wheat-fields of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and they themselves have come to see what the foothills of the north-west afford for their wives and families.





Adeline Harmer

It is only within the past twenty-five years that settlers have begun to cultivate the flats along the Peace River and beyond its high banks. Although not navigable enough to afford easy means of communication in summer, the river forms a useful highway during the long winter months



Monica Storrs



Duncan Cran

Higher up the Peace River, towards the foothills of the Rockies, the forest is still untouched, and many mineral possibilities are as yet untapped. A little gold-washing and some trapping are carried on; otherwise the country is practically without inhabitants



Duncan Cran

There is a romantic sound behind their story, and the superficial attraction of pioneer life has thrilled more than one generation from screen, novel or magazine. But those who penetrate below the glamour of the cowboy and his sweetheart, so dear to the heart of Wardour Street and Hollywood, know it to be a grim struggle, sometimes for life itself, with the odds charged heavily against the settler who has pitted himself against bush, river or mountain-side. Sometimes one is tempted to wonder what has brought these men so far afield to make a home in the backblocks of northern British Columbia. First there are those whose nature demands it, men and women who cannot rest until they have reclaimed some hitherto virgin land and made it their own. I sat with a man and his wife one day in a log house in the middle of a stretch of bush country along the rocky banks of the North Pine River. "I'm going," he said, "I'm going further north."

"Why?" I asked. "This country's too full," was his reply. "I've been here three years; I want to move on somewhere further away." To him the joy was in the struggle with the land. Once conquered, even partially, it lost interest for him, and he must seek new fields for his endeavours. Another day I went to a well-built log house surrounded by barns and garden and found it empty. "Oh," said a neighbour, who lived four miles away, "they went gold-washing a hundred miles up the Peace last week. No; no one knew that she was going. She only decided the morning that they left." They had a twelve-year-old girl and a baby of six months with them. They had taken the girl 200 miles north on the trapline when she was two years old.

But these are not the only inhabitants of the pioneer fringe. A larger and less fortunate class are those who have been driven from their homes by ruin. Suc-



Monica Storrs

Immigration—mostly from other parts of Canada—took place almost entirely after the War and reached its peak in 1928-9. Settlers got a 'quarter section' of 160 acres for \$2 from the government



Adeline Harmer

The settler's first building is a barn for his stock: then comes the dwelling-house—to start with, a one-roomed shack roofed with poles and sods, later replaced by wooden shingles

cessive years of drought, grasshoppers and dust storms are gradually emptying the great wheat belt of the prairies, and one by one or clan by clan the families will sell out all that remains of a once prosperous farm, and come up to 'The Block,' to start life afresh as homesteaders on 160 acres of bush, forest or 'coulee' marked out for him by the tall posts of the Canadian government surveyor. Here, as elsewhere in Canada, the land is divided by the survey into squares or sections one mile each way, and cut by the government 'road allowances' (strips not yet worked up into roads) which run north and south at intervals of one mile and east and west at intervals of two miles. Each section is quartered and the farmer chooses his 'quarter section' of land, which contains 160 acres and measures half a mile each way. As settlement progresses these squares are fenced with wire, but before

the ground is taken up by farmers the bounds of each section are marked by the surveyors with a pile of earth at each corner into which a tall pole is stuck, with a rag fluttering from the top.

In the 'dry belt' of Saskatchewan nothing remains to the farmer at the present time but a long, losing struggle with dust; you may hear tales of such darkness that lamps have to be kept lit all day, of dust blown from the fields and drifted against the fences like snow, of seed blown from the ground after three or four sowings of the ploughed land. Even when a crop may, almost by a miracle, have grown to harvest, a swarm of grasshoppers or a sudden hailstorm will destroy a season's work in a single night.

So, driven from their homes by misfortune, many have left to see what the north has to offer and to find out what particular effort the Peace River country



Adeline Harmer

Before anything can be done to the ground the bush must be cleared. The settler uses the spruces he fells for building; the thin white poplars which form much of the bush are useful only as firewood.



Duncan Cran

Two important pieces of work must be done with scrapers called 'fresnoes'. Roads (very rough ones) must be cut and also 'scoop-outs'—ponds to hold the melted snow which often forms the only water supply for family and stock



Agriculture has been made possible in the Peace River district by the discovery of a rapidly maturing wheat, enabling it to be grown ten degrees further north than before. As well as this 'go-day' wheat, oats and barley are grown



Duncan Cr

The farmer looks forward to the time when he can call upon a neighbour, who owns a threshing-outfit, to visit his fields. The sheaves are brought in (above) to the side of the field where the farmer has built a little 'granary' (below). Into this the separator pours the grain while the straw is cast onto a pile, which is subsequently burnt.

Duncan Cr





Duncan Cran

Cattle and pigs are raised in the Peace River district, mainly for local purposes rather than for export. With some shelter, and oat-sheaves as nourishment, the cattle survive the hard winter successfully

demands of those who seek a living within its borders. All who settle there must depend upon their own efforts for the main part of their food: garden, poultry-yard, cow and pig-pen are the chief contributors to the kitchen. Here the wheat farmer of the prairie finds himself faced with the question: can he sow and harvest a wheat crop between one snowfall and the next? Can he gather in a crop of oats to feed his horses and cattle through six months of snow and frost and biting winds? Every year it is a gamble with the weather. Every spring, as April draws on, he sits in hope, waiting for the long winter's frost to leave the ground. Every year, as the grain ripens, beneath eighteen hours of sweltering August sun in the long summer days, he waits anxiously to snatch the week for harvesting between the ripening of the grain and the icy ruin of the first September snow. Too often, passing up

and down between the long fields of grain, you can see heavy uncut wheat crushed and useless beneath the weight of snow, or blackened by an early frost; or stooks of oats, seen from far off, white as the tents of some miniature army, that have been left through days of autumn rain awaiting the bright stacking day which never came before rain turned to snow.

Even if he has succeeded in harvesting a crop—and in a good year, such as the one just past, it may be a very good crop—or has raised a truck-load of pigs to take to the railroad, the farmer looks out anxiously at the uneven stretch of dried mud which connects him with the outside world and, more important still, with a market for his grain, pigs or cattle. Every shipment is a matter of ceaseless worry until it has reached its destination, for a sudden rainstorm, such as may blow up in an hour out of a cloudless June sky,

The settlers' homes are widely scattered—on one typical 65-mile stretch of road there are only fifteen families—and many children have to ride long distances to school



Monica Storrs

Ten children of school age entitle a group of settlers to claim the sending of a teacher and the building of a school-house at government expense. Classes are mixed, between the ages of five and fifteen



Monica Storrs

Summer hours from 9 to 3.30 enable children to give some help with farm work—for which the bigger boys have to be released—while winter hours from 9.30 to 3 cover most of the daylight. Children thrive in the Peace River climate



will turn the hard rough road into a morass of mud into which the wheels of car or truck will sink inextricably, until a team of horses comes to its rescue. Meanwhile the farmer watches the price of grain fall while his load is on the road or, digging fiercely at the wheels of a truck embedded in a mud-hole, sees the hour go by when the stock train will leave for Edmonton and one more chance of getting top prices for the pigs has gone. Small wonder that 'gravelled roads' is one of the cries of the West.

Nor is it only in his commercial speculations that the roads affect the farmer's life. Every aspect of corporate life is complicated by this question. Most of the children, for instance, have some distance to travel to school. Horses are being used on the land and can seldom be spared. Footwear is not always readily obtainable in a bad year and the rain in summer or the snow in winter may easily make the roads impassable for a small child who has a mile or two or three to travel to school. But the grit of the children is magnificent. I have seen children of seven and eight years old mount a horse without saddle or blanket and ride three miles or more through weather which would have daunted many a grown person raised in a softer environment. Four children, when the school near their home was closed for lack of pupils, rode six miles each way to the school in the next district. The youngest was a boy of seven years old.

Of the many problems which confront the housewife, perhaps the most acute is that of her water-supply. In winter this is not so difficult, as water is easily obtainable by melting large quantities of snow, but in summer other methods must be used. On some of the homesteads there are good springs which provide a plentiful supply of good water, but these do not occur by any means all over the district; the alternative is to scrape out a shallow pond or 'scoop-out' with four horses and a scraper. In the spring thaw this fills with water; a trough is placed nearby from which the

animals drink, and water for household use is carried into the house in pails. Or in the coldest months of January and February, you may see a man down on the ice-bound river with four horses and a sleigh cutting great blocks of ice, two or three feet high and just as thick, and loading them on to his sleigh with the help of hooks. These are packed in saw-dust in a small house and with care will last until the autumn, being washed and melted block by block to provide drinking water. In the first months of the occupation of a homestead, before the scoop-out has been dug or ice stored, the homesteader may have to content himself with water from a neighbouring 'muskeg' or swamp. But this is never more than a temporary measure as the water is often discoloured, or the supply uncertain.

These are some of the most outstanding aspects of the homesteader's life. The scope of this article does not allow me to dwell at length upon others; the long days of gardening to provide a store of vegetables for the winter; the expeditions for wild berries, so important a part of the housewife's larder; the long winter months which are spent in the house with windows sealed by the frost, keeping a ceaseless watch over the fires to prevent the cellar and its contents from freezing. Nor can I tell of the life of the trapper and the gold-washer; the former alone in the bush in the long silence of the winter, making his way from trap to trap in search of skins; or the latter on the upper reaches of the Peace, working under hot sun or in dusty wind on the gravel bars of the river, washing and washing the sand and dust and picking out grains of gold to be shipped out to the provincial treasuries; or of the long winter journeys of the freighters, driving four horses and a loaded sleigh through roads blocked by snowdrifts, through driving winds or biting frost to bring in mail or provisions, when the 50-mile trip from the railroad at Dawson Creek to Fort St John may take three days or more to accomplish.

For the real point at issue is this—what



Monica Storrs

The author on an old pack-trail through seven miles of unbroken forest

does life in these newly settled blocks of country hold for the future? What sort of a generation is this Peace River country and others like it going to raise up for Canada? For this must be the goal of all considerations of life and conditions. As will readily be understood, the natural problems have their echo in the corporate life of the country, and at present, insecurity and uncertainty mar the national life of the West. The problem seems to be twofold. The first question is how far the courage and resourcefulness of the homesteader together with his background of pioneering life will enable him to stand up to years of struggle against adverse natural and economic conditions. Brought together from many nations and races, from the United States, from Scandinavia, Great Britain, Germany, and the Slavonic countries, they have apparently to face years of individual struggle for existence. This struggle takes every ounce of determination and strength that the homesteader and his family possess if they are to make good, and leaves small room or opportunity for many aspects of life which the city dweller takes as part of his natural heritage and without which life would be a narrow and monotonous round of labour.

Side by side with the question of mere existence lies the problem of the corporate life of the settlement. How far can these people, drawn from so many different races and each struggling to make a place and a home for himself and his family, be welded into one harmonious whole with the interests of the province at heart and a unified outlook on the needs and problems of the country which they have made their home? Civic life in a pioneering country inevitably finds itself forced into the background by other and more pressing considerations, and except at moments of outstanding tension, such as elections, the governmental aspects of provincial life get scant attention from any but its most regular and conscientious adherents.

Nor is this the only problem which suc-

cessive generations of these western farmers will have to face. There is always the question of the future. What sort of citizens will the Peace River raise, and how will their life there help them to serve Canada? Is it an advantage or a disadvantage to grow up on the very fringe of civilization? It might seem that the spirit which enabled their parents to cast aside old ties and start afresh with such determination to live a new life in a new district, must have bred in the children a restlessness and impatience with established tradition which would tend to destroy any sense of national responsibility. Life in the West naturally encourages individualism, for no man or woman can attempt to live in a newly settled district and still turn to the State or to others for support and assistance. (Although, in the present depression, some are relying for maintenance upon government relief, this cannot persist if the country is to advance and its citizens to make good.) Yet the lessons of former generations of pioneers need to be borne in mind if this part of the Dominion is to rise up unified, strong and upright; lessons of self-discipline and control, of courage and a capacity to stand alone undaunted by hardship, difficulty, or the desire for gain and high place.

It would seem that the great opportunity that the State offers, both in government and education, is to give a sense of stability in mental and political values to outweigh the constant feeling of insecurity which is inherent in the life of the country and emphasised by conditions. The chief aim of education should be to lay stress upon the stabilizing forces of civilization and to bring them into prominence, that a strong sense of all that is permanent and eternal in mental and spiritual values may be built up in the minds of those whose physical surroundings do so much to foster a sense of temporary and artificial conditions and a consequent insecurity of national life.

'Where there is no vision, the people perish.'

Japanese Children



All photographs by Quick

Jumiko, child of rich parents, in her playroom on Doll Festival day when all girls in Japan, from babyhood to marriage, receive presents of dolls. She is already the proud owner of this glass case full of dolls. Some of them are playthings; others are heirlooms before which, at this festival, she will lay miniature offerings of sweets, rice-cakes and white saké



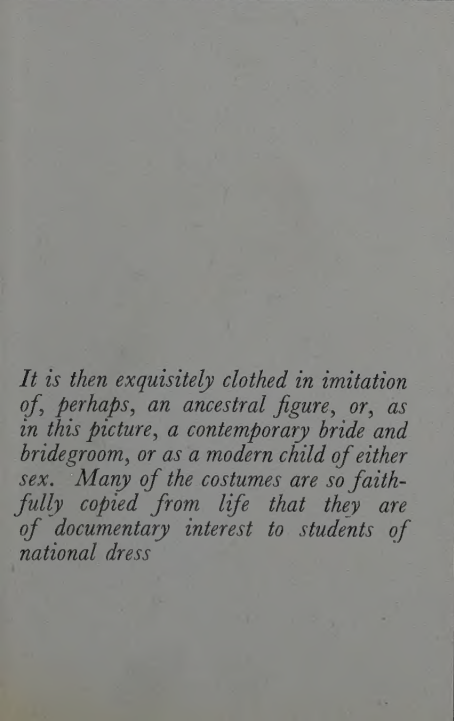


The girls' festival in March is followed by the boys' in May, when they, too, are given dolls and encouraged to treat them with fatherly affection. Though mass-produced, all these dolls are still well and carefully made. (Above) Fixing hair to dolls' heads. (Below) Glazing limbs

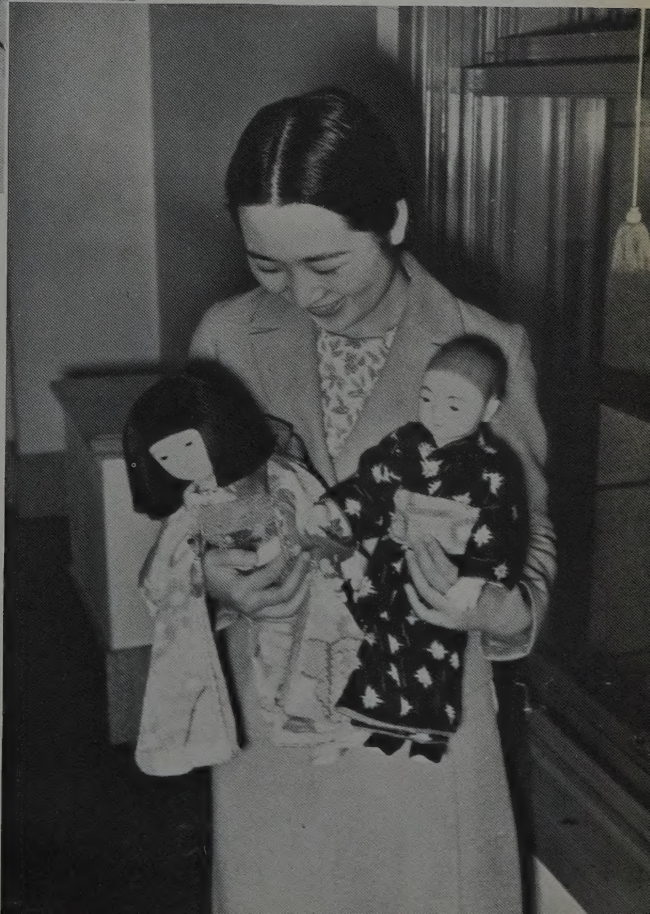




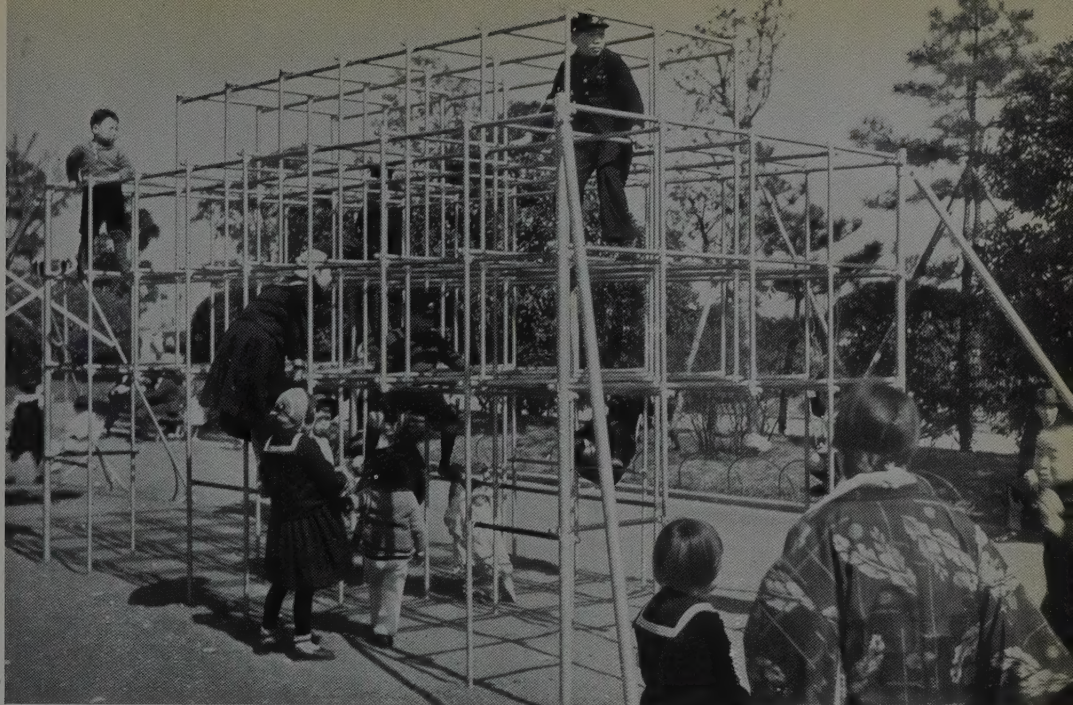
After limbs, heads and trunks have passed through the many stages in their development, they are put together and each doll is ready to assume separate personality. (Left) Assembling the parts. The doll will now pass from the hands of its makers to the equally skilful hands of the dressmaker



It is then exquisitely clothed in imitation of, perhaps, an ancestral figure, or, as in this picture, a contemporary bride and bridegroom, or as a modern child of either sex. Many of the costumes are so faithfully copied from life that they are of documentary interest to students of national dress







Every town has its playing fields, to which the children are usually accompanied by their mothers. In Yokohama there is a modernly equipped playground within sight of the harbour. It contains (above) an ingeniously contrived metal maze and (right) wooden slides, a source of endless delight to small boys



Children are everywhere made a great fuss of and their interests and amusements are carefully considered. (Opposite) A playground with model railway and merry-go-round on the roof-garden of a ten-storey multiple shop in Osaka. While parents shop, children play happily in the sunshine



Games of all sorts are encouraged in the schools and both boys and girls are taught gymnastics. (Above) A relay race in the yard of the modern high school in Tokyo. (Below) A wrestling match between two of the pupils. Their seconds look on to see fair play and in the little girl on the right they have an admiring audience

